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Clark, Caroline Tyler, 1835-

* Memorial of Hon. Samuel Tyler

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Sarah Ann (Tyler) Breslin.

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A Memorial Service held at the
Congregational Church, Brownfield, Maine,

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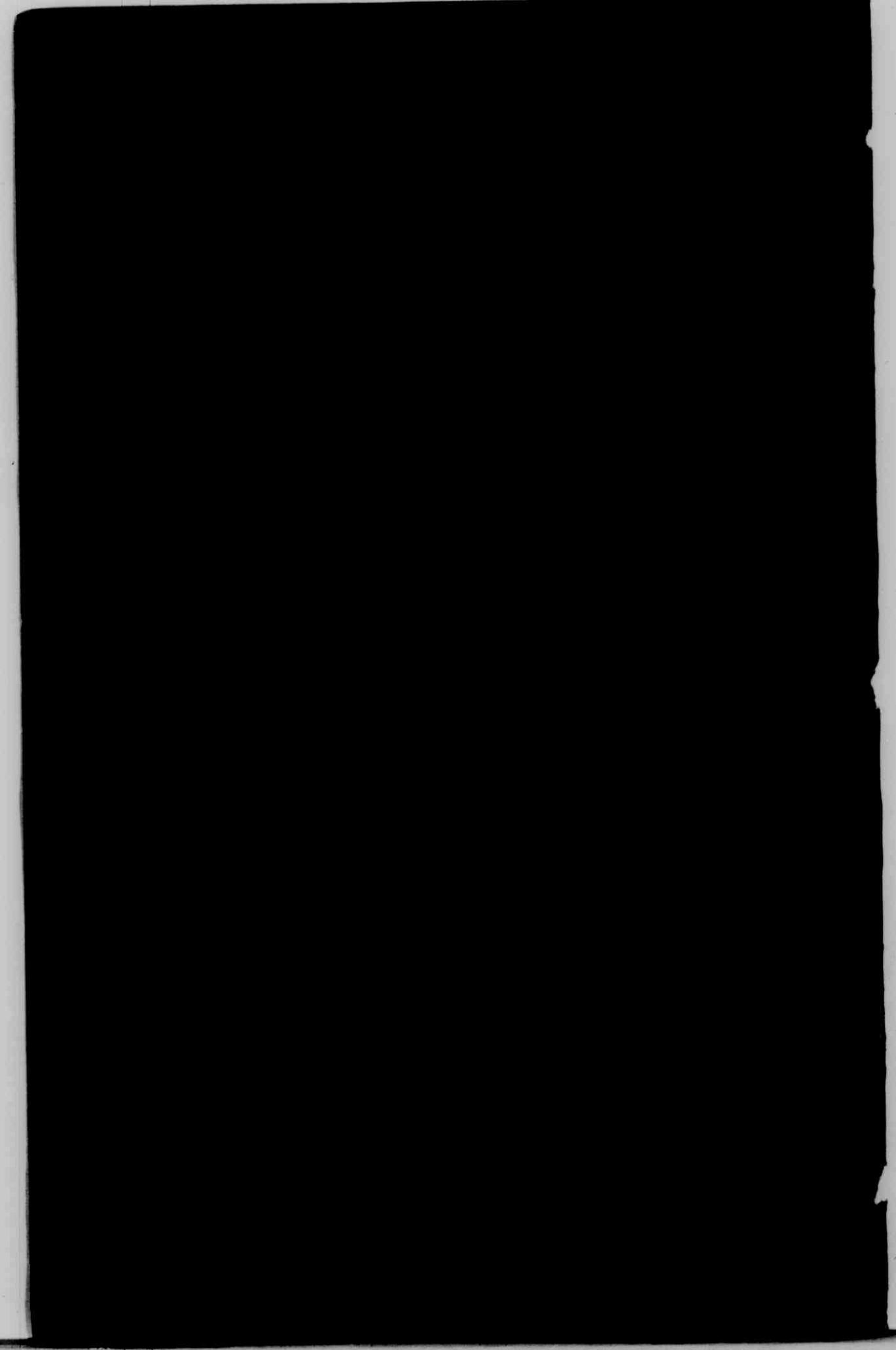
Tyler, Samuel



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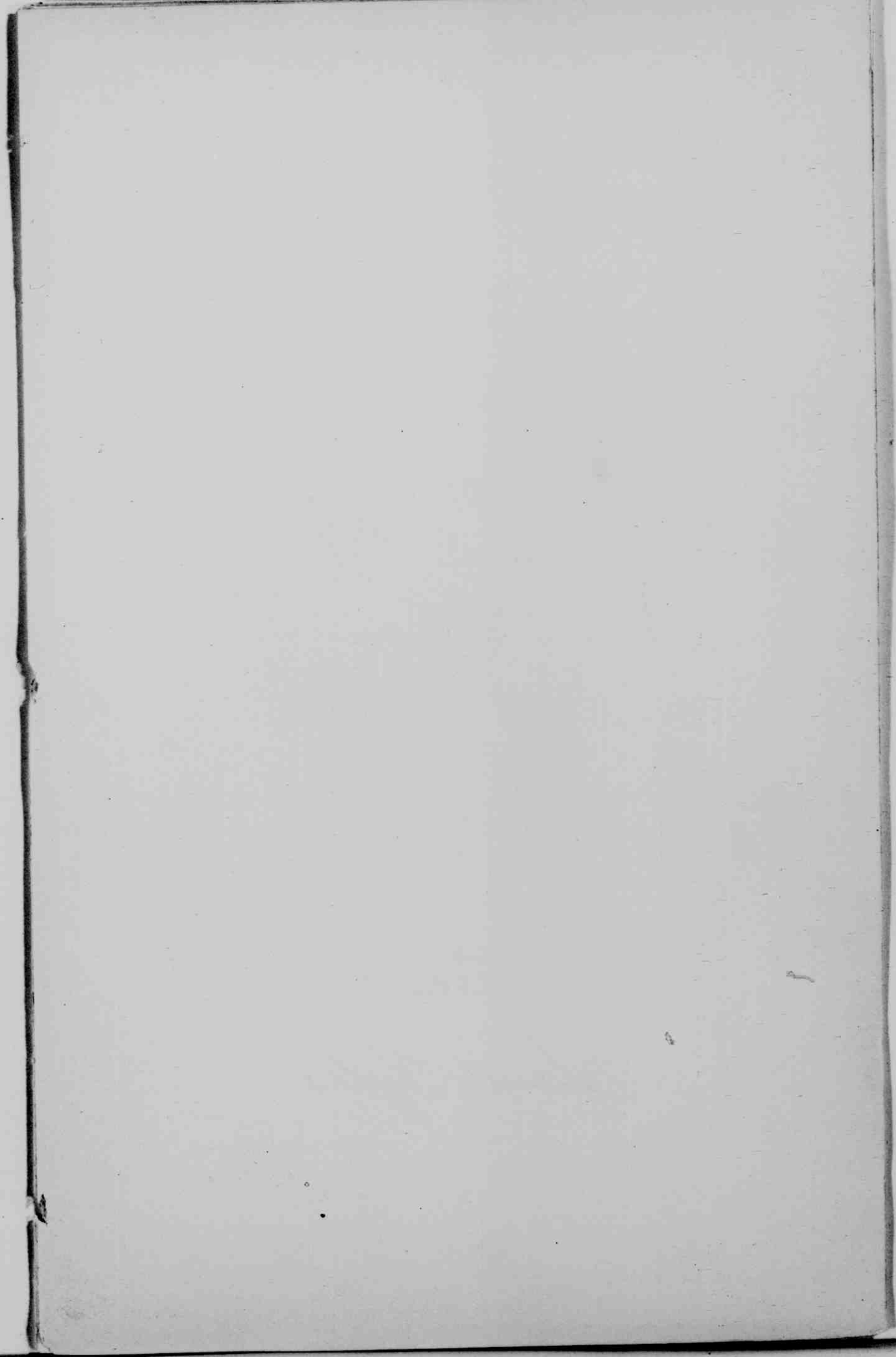


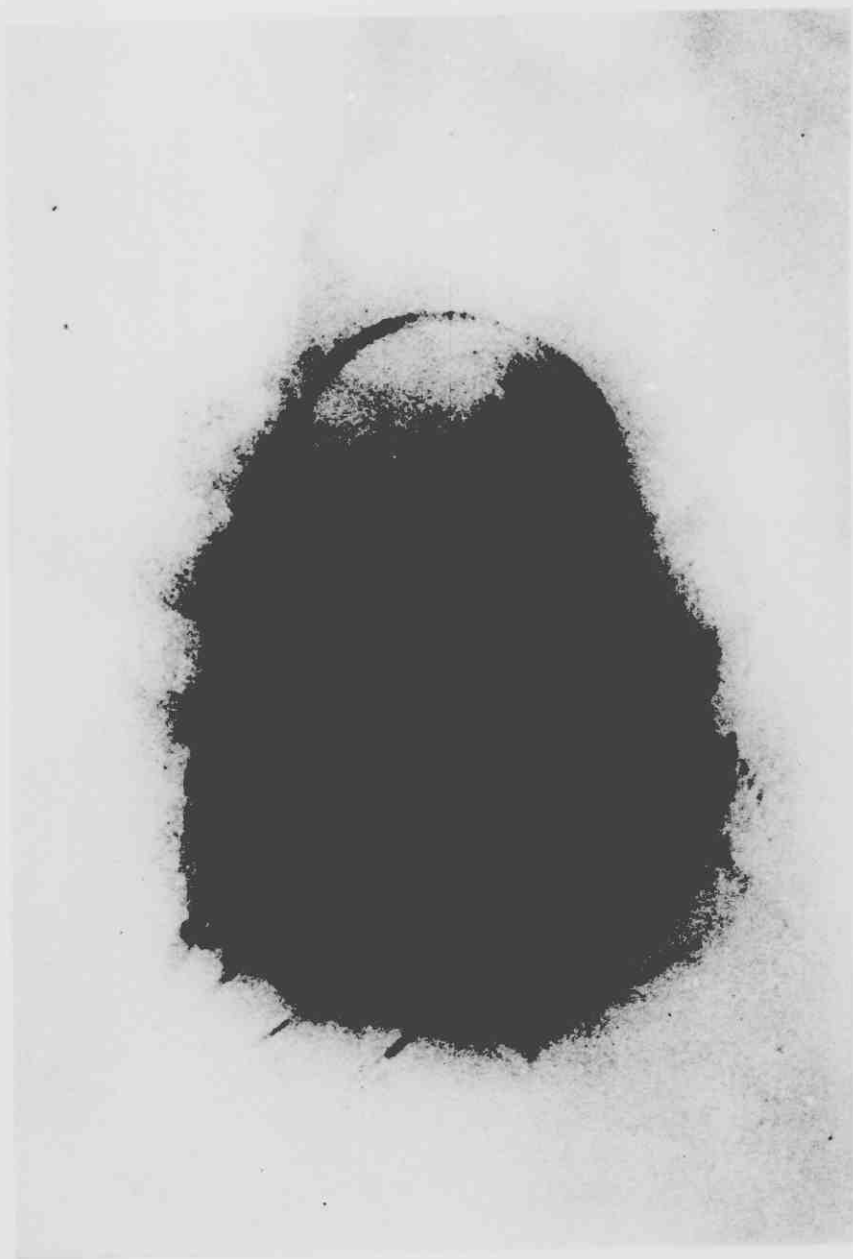
IN MEMORIAM
SAMUEL TYLER



**IN MEMORIAM
SAMUEL TYLER**







Saml. Tyler

MEMORIAL
OF
HON. SAMUEL TYLER



PRIVATELY PRINTED FOR THE FAMILY
MAY, MDCCCC

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TO THE GRANDCHILDREN OF
SAMUEL TYLER
AND TO THEIR DESCENDANTS, IN THE HOPE THAT THE RECORD OF
HIS TRIALS AND ACHIEVEMENTS MAY SERVE TO ENCOURAGE
THEM IN THEIR EFFORTS TOWARD THE TRUEST SUCCESS IN LIFE,
THIS BRIEF MEMORIAL IS DEDICATED BY HIS TWO
SURVIVING CHILDREN,
CAROLINE TYLER CLARK AND
SARAH ANN (TYLER) BRESLIN

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

The following account of the early life of SAMUEL TYLER is taken from his own manuscript:

* * * * *

I was born in Henniker, N. H., February 25, 1797. We moved the next spring to Fryeburg, in Oxford County, in the District of Maine, in the State of Massachusetts, where my father was employed by old Esquire Brown, proprietor of the township, as a laborer on his farm.

When I was about two and a half years old, my father moved to Brownfield, and settled on a lot of land situated at or near the mouth of the Tenmile. About 1801 he removed to a lot of wild land situated near the Little Saco Hills. Here he began felling trees and commenced a farm. He built a small log house about one and a half miles from the main road leading from Fryeburg to Portland, and three miles from the only schoolhouse in the town. My father did not possess any property, and of necessity had to labor for others to obtain subsistence for his family. He was unable to send me to school, the distance was so great, or to pay for my board. My mother saw that the prospect was that I should grow up without any education, and could not rest easy, being what was termed a smart young woman, some twenty years

younger than my father. She engaged board for me near the schoolhouse, and got the money to pay for my board by weaving homespun cloth, at which she was an adept.

As near as my memory serves me, I attended school two or three months. At the age of seven or eight I took another term, with my sister Sally, who was a year and a half younger, and walked the three miles to the school. The distance being so great, we could only go in the summer. We got but little good, and made but little progress for about two years. At about the year 1807, the schoolhouse was moved a half-mile nearer. We attended school in the summer when there was a school; in the winter we could not go on account of deep snow. This state of things continued until about 1812.

The latter part of that year I got the war fever. I was then fifteen years old. I applied to my father for his consent to enlist. He refused to let me go. I was uneasy, and remained so until May, 1813, when he became convinced that I was bound to go into the army, and gave his consent. I was then sixteen. In about three weeks after I enlisted in the Thirty-third Regiment United States Infantry at Saco. I was there mustered into the regiment and marched for Boston, Mass. Previous to our marching, my father heard I was homesick, and came to see me. He asked me if I wanted to go home, and I told him I did. "Well," he said, "I will get you a release, but I doubt, if you go back, whether you will be contented." One of our townsmen had heard that I was homesick, and that my

father was going to get me clear from my enlistment. "Now," he says, "if Sam does come home, we will call him the old soldier." "Well, sir," I said, "if that is the case, I will go if I die." So in a few days after that we marched to Fort Independence, in Boston Harbor. The march was interesting to me, as this was my first adventure from home. New lights all the way on the march, and all went on gloriously until I reached the fort. That was another novelty. I thought I was clear of the terrible homesickness. After a day or two, when we had explored the island and seen all that was interesting, I had not much to occupy my time. After roll-call and an hour's drill in the morning, the remainder of the day I had to myself. I had not acquired the habit of reading, and not having any way to employ myself, my thoughts would fly back to my wilderness home. In a day or two I had a relapse worse than ever. At last the anguish was so intense that the only relief I could get was to go to a remote part of the island and have a good cry like a child. Then I would remain comfortable until after the drill next morning, and immediately after I would repair to my solitary retreat.

We remained at this place about three weeks; my homesickness did not abate. At last a release came by an order to march to Burlington, Vt. There we remained a week or more. From this place we were ordered to cross Lake Champlain, near Plattsburg. Here we remained some weeks. At last marching orders came for Chateaugay. At the latter place we remained some time. Ultimately the army marched

for Canada. At the river they were met by the enemy. I was detached to remain with the invalids; consequently I gained no laurels.

From this point the army was ordered back to winter quarters at Plattsburg. It was cold weather in January before we left our tents and went into our log cabins for the winter. About this time homesickness had left me. I had plenty of leisure time, and occupied it to good advantage. My fellow-soldiers were always hard up, as I was myself, until I got acquainted with the paymaster of the regiment. He had a sword he wanted to dispose of, and told me I could have all I could get over a stipulated price. I was very fortunate in finding a purchaser. The sale was so satisfactory to the paymaster that he asked me if there was any way I could use money. I told him I could use it to advantage. "Well," he said, "I will furnish you with money and we will go snipes in the profits." We were here about five months. With my wages I made up about \$200 to carry home with me to my poor father. It paid for a yoke of oxen, and some debts besides.

I was discharged in June, 1814. I was then seventeen years and three months old. I remained at home with my father and worked to prepare a house. I wanted to get out of the old log cabin, but I had no money. In September there was a draft of militia. One of my neighbors was drafted who wished to hire a substitute. He gave me \$30 and the wages to take his chance. I was gone about two months. Shortly after we arrived at Portland there was a draft for a part to remain and

the others to return home. I happened to be drafted, to remain, and was sent to a battery on Munjoy Hill, Portland, Maine. The grounds were to be enclosed. A carpenter contracted for the job, and hired me to dig the post-holes. As we did not have any fighting to do, I had plenty of leisure time. I gained some \$15 or \$20 for the two months. I got about \$60 or \$70; that sum would help a good deal, with our own labor, in covering and fitting a part of the house. As soon as I returned I went to work in good earnest, and we got into the house about the first of January, 1815. That winter my father made a part of a team, with a townsman, for hauling mill logs to Saco River at a stipulated price. We went on for about six weeks successfully. My father was then taken lame, as well as the oxen. Some of the best of the lumber was left, so I told my father that if he would trust me with the management, I had a brother about fourteen years old who could act as teamster, and I would chop the logs, and we would do good business. The enterprise resulted favorably.

After closing up the logging the last of March, I felt uneasy, so I told my father I wanted to go down East, as we used to say, to the St. Croix River, to drive logs, as they paid high wages. He said if I thought I could do better there, I might go. About the 28th of March, 1815, I started for Portland, and took passage in a small packet for Eastport. From thence I went by land conveyance (on my feet) to Calais, about thirty-five or forty miles. When I arrived at this place my money was about exhausted. I had less than one dollar. I sought a boarding-house where charges were

not high. It was kept by a widow lady. I told the lady that I had no money and was in pursuit of work. It was a very dull time, as there was no one wanting labor until the river opened, which would be probably a month. I told the lady that I could not get employment and did not know how I could pay her. She replied that her son might give me a job of cutting wood. I had an interview with him, and under the circumstances he gave me a job, but at a very low price. I earned enough to pay my board until the time for starting up the river to drive logs. It was hard for me to get employment at that, as I was so young and had had no experience, but I finally got a situation, or was permitted to go with the party some twenty-five miles to the Falls, where large jams of logs had laid over. I could not get any stipulated wages. The regular pay was \$2 a day, but the best terms I could make were to pay me what I earned. After we got on the ground, one person was detached for cooking for the crew, so the next question was, who was to be the cook? My war experience had made me quite an expert at that business, and I told my employer that if he was willing I would undertake it, and see if I could give satisfaction. No more was required of me than to do this work. In the morning I was to prepare breakfast and call all hands to be ready. After that was accomplished, the men repaired to their work, and I remained to clear away and prepare for dinner, which would take about two hours. I got about four hours' time in the day to work with the crew on the Falls.

We were here on the Falls about fifteen days when

a drive of logs from up river reached us. We joined with them and drove or followed the logs, and cleared off all logs stopped on the way to Milltown, about twenty miles. About this time the Upper Lakes had thawed out, and there was to be a crew selected to go there. My first employer had to furnish one man as his proportion. I wanted him to let me go, as it would be a long drive in all probability, if the water held up well. My employer consulted with the man who was to take charge of the drive. He told him if he would take me he thought he would be satisfied with me, and on our return, if he was not satisfied that I should draw my pay, he would make it all right with him. I left the rate of wages to be whatever the head man should say. He allowed me the regular wages. Our drive lasted sixty days, and I had quite a fortune when we got down. It was all very satisfactory to all parties concerned. After this I never found any trouble to get employment at regular wages.

In 1816, after the drive was closed, I went into a sawmill until October. I engaged to go into the woods "logging," as we used to say. I had good wages, and was gone about five months. In March I came out of the woods, and remained about a month without employment. I worked one week for \$3.50, 50 cents a day, and found myself. I worked six days and received \$3, and paid \$3.50 for my board. I thus fell 50 cents in debt at the end of the week, but if I had not worked I should have been \$3.50 behind. After river driving was over, I labored on a farm for William Vance, Esquire, through the summer.

1816-17. This winter I worked in the logging swamp at \$18 a month. When the river opened I went to the lakes on the St. Croix River and drove logs down, in all about eighty days, at \$2 per day. I worked the remainder of the summer in a sawmill, and the winter in the woods hauling logs. During the summer I worked in the same mill until fall. The winter of 1817 I made one-third of a six-ox team. Had a great winter's work, clearing about \$100 per month for eight or nine months. At this time I had accumulated about \$1,200. Then I thought I would start a new business, as I had capital, and placed my brother Daniel in charge of manufacturing axes. They warranted the axes. When we called in our accounts it proved to be bad business ; the axes were worthless.

In November, 1816, I shipped about \$300 worth of lumber to Boston. The vessel was blown off the coast and made one of the West India Islands. The result of my shipment was between \$50 and \$60. I passed the winter at Fryeburg at school, with the intention of getting an education. I was so backward and behind every one, that I abandoned the idea of getting an education, and felt that I must rely on my muscular powers to procure a subsistence. At the close of the first quarter, in March, I heard the results of my shipment. This left me short of funds, consequently I returned to Calais to look after my affairs there, and found them in a bad way, as before alluded to. I got discouraged and closed them up as well as I could that spring and summer and went back to the

old homestead at Brownfield, on the Tyler farm, and commenced farming. I worked the remainder of the season. That winter I went into the logging camp, and in the spring I became discouraged about farming on the old place. I swapped a part of the old farm for John Sand's farm, near Deacon Wentworth's. That spring I commenced trading, and during the summer a Mr. Smith wanted to establish his brother in the cloth-dressing and carding on my water privilege. A mill was built, carding machines were put in, and the business commenced on joint account. This proved a failure, and in consequence I had to stop trading, or thought it best to do so, and in the course of a year found myself in a bad snarl. I purchased a piece of land where John Sands, Jr., now lives. The next winter hauled pine timber from this and the old farm, which cleared me out of debt for good. My water privilege was not sufficient, and the machinery was sold and it was closed out as a failure.

Then, as my next move, I purchased a tract of some 150 acres of timber land, called the Sawyer lot. From this land I hauled timber three winters, the result of which was I cleared about \$3,000. My next move was to join Capt. John Spring in the purchase of the Kendrick House in Saco, and we fitted it up for a hotel. After that I purchased a livery stable establishment, horses and carriages. I held out about two years and then had to close up here. In the spring of 1828 I moved to Portland and opened a hotel in the old John Patten stand. Here we ran about nine months, when I found I was running behind. I urged

my landlord to release me on the house, but could not make any terms with him, and concluded I would take the shortest way to close up business, and mortgaged my furniture to Mr. George Thacher to secure him for money loaned me. All the rest of my property went to pay small debts contracted for running the house. I gave up everything except about \$100. Then I concluded I would leave my affairs to be closed up without my attention, after I had done all I could.

In March, 1828, early in the morning, I started for New York, where I arrived in about forty-eight hours. This was a new world to me. I had come to be about thirty-one years old. All my creditors, with the exception of Mr. Gideon Tucker, sued me and got their claims into execution. When my affairs were closed, I found that I was indebted for about \$2,500, which I paid in 1833. I remained in New York until June and tried for employment, with poor success. After waiting some days a Mr. Ware, a butcher, came on from Portland. He was a smart man, but of intemperate habits. He wanted me to join him or let him have money to purchase a pair of oxen. I had not money enough to pay for a pair, so we commenced with one ox. The first day proved a very hot one. Ware made his appearance, but being a new comer, had paid his initiation fee, and the result was that he did not sell much of his meat. He got so drunk his neighbors had to lock up the stall and give him the key. The next morning I went down, but Mr. Ware did not come. About nine o'clock I found the meat would

spoil, and hired a locksmith to open the stall, paying him fifty cents, but I felt poorly able to pay even this small sum in addition to the other losses. The result was I sold out the meat to a neighbor and went to the drover to settle for the oxen. I paid for the one killed and closed up the business with a loss. I found it was of no use to depend on Ware, and he did not make his appearance at all that day. It makes me heart-sick to recall this day's work. It will not do any good, and I write it only to show how confiding and simple I was in taking this man's promise; but so it was.

I became acquainted with a Mr. Green, who had given me some encouragement that he would assist me in getting employment, and I went to him. He proposed to let me have a pair of horses or a team and do his trucking and give me his business. This did not suit my wishes. I wanted to start in something that would lead to better future prospects, consequently I did not accept his offer. I told him I would go West. "Well," he said, "I have some friends in Louisville on the Ohio River, and will give you a letter to them." I thanked him for the letter, and started the next morning for that place. The first day we reached Philadelphia, and the next morning started on the stage for the West. We went out about eighteen miles and made a short stop. I did not feel entirely satisfied. I opened the letter which Mr. Green gave me and read it. He commenced by addressing his friend in this way:

"Allow me to recommend to you the bearer of this,

Samuel Tyler, who comes in pursuit of employment on a steamboat. I should be glad if you could give him a situation."

The letter did not strike me favorably, as I was without any experience. I thought it was a poor document to rely on. I resolved to stop and go back, and go to Buenos Ayres, where I had made some inquiries about the condition of things. I got hold of an old history of South America, stating that gold was plenty, and an abundance of everything to live on, and that the only trouble was the people were lazy and would not work. I thought that was the place for me, I could stand such competitors, and I resolved I would go there. I went back to New York and engaged a passage in the schooner *Lady's Return*, of sixty-five tons burden, paid \$30 on account of the passage, and had \$1.87 in money left. The vessel was now ready and we set sail, and in a short time my misery commenced. I was wretchedly seasick all the way. It was a place of torment all the time. We had a passage of seventy-five days, and glad enough to get on shore with the \$1.87 cash in hand to commence a new future. I went to a boarding-house for ship captains, kept by a Mr. Palmer. He treated me very kindly, although he knew I had no money. I stopped with him for about six weeks, all the time trying to get employment. Mr. P. tried hard to get me into business, but without success. I concluded the only thing I could do was to go to work, as I was fast getting in debt for my board. Looking around for a situation, I found a baracca. I went into it, saw what

was being done, and saw I could make myself useful. The owner was a Spaniard. A new trouble came up, for I could not talk Spanish and he could not speak English, and in this dilemma he called in a peon who could interpret if I could make known what I wanted. He said he would be glad to employ me, but the trouble was the language. I did not realize until this day the great difficulty I had to encounter to learn a language before I could do anything. A Mr. Davidson from Boston had just established a commission house. I applied to him and told him how I was situated. He told me he would give me a situation in his warehouse. After stopping with him a few days I found I could not make myself useful, as I could do nothing out of the store, and so I told him if I could go into a baracca I could do something there. I could handle hides, sheep-skins, wool, horns, and every kind of produce as well as the peons, that is, the common laborers. "Well," he said, "I will get a place for you with Mr. John Langdon. I will give you a note to him." I did as he directed. Mr. Langdon refused to give me a place. I reported Mr. Langdon's decision to Mr. Davidson. He replied, "I will go and see him. I told him he must take you." The result was I went there, but it was evident to me that Mr. Langdon did not want me in his establishment. I found myself quite as useless there as I was in the former place. Mr. Langdon did not want to put me with the common blacks to work. I told him I could do their work as well as they did. Finally I began to do the common work, and succeeded well. After a short time I was

sent out to take the weight of the hides and send them to the baracca. There I became quite an expert in among the hides and horns.

After a while there came a dull time in the baracca. There was a large pile of refuse horns, say some thirty or forty thousand, which were worthless to ship as they were, for the greater part of the horn, the bulky part, was worthless; the tip-end was to be sawed off. I told Mr. Langdon I could do that first-rate; in fact, better than they could, for I fixed a contrivance to hold the horn. I succeeded well. Mr. Langdon wanted to get rid of me, and proposed to me to start a candle factory. He would furnish the tallow, and have a shop and all the fixings, and would sell the candles. So we started. I made quite a lot of candles, but he did not sell them. I found it was no use to make them if they could not be sold, so I abandoned the candle business.

I now had learned enough of the language so I could purchase horse-hides and horse-hair from the carts from the country. I made an arrangement with Mr. Langdon to let me have money to purchase and to sell the hides and hair, the profits to be divided equally. I invested all the money I could get of him, and delivered to him the proceeds. He did not pay me; consequently I had to lie on my oars. I got tired of that, and finding I could do nothing with Mr. Langdon, I closed up with him again. There was an American from Connecticut by the name of William G. Johnson, who frequently came into the baracca when I was sawing horns. He was rather inquisitive, and learned a little

of my history by asking questions of me. He seemed to be interested in me. I told him of my business transactions with Mr. Langdon, and told him if I could get money I would go to the great marketplace, hire a store and see what I could do there. He asked me how much money would enable me to start. I told him \$1,000 would be sufficient for me. "Well," Mr. Johnson said, "I will let you have that amount, and we will divide the profits." Mr. Langdon found that I was going to La Plaza Lorea. "Why," he said, "they would cheat you out of your eyes. They are the greatest set of thieves in the world. Such a set of fellows combine together to keep out all who speak English, that it will be impossible for you to succeed." I told him I must try, as I had engaged a store. He said so much to discourage me I began to distrust his sincerity. I felt he had some self-interest in the affair to keep me out of the business, as every investment he had made for me resulted unfavorably.

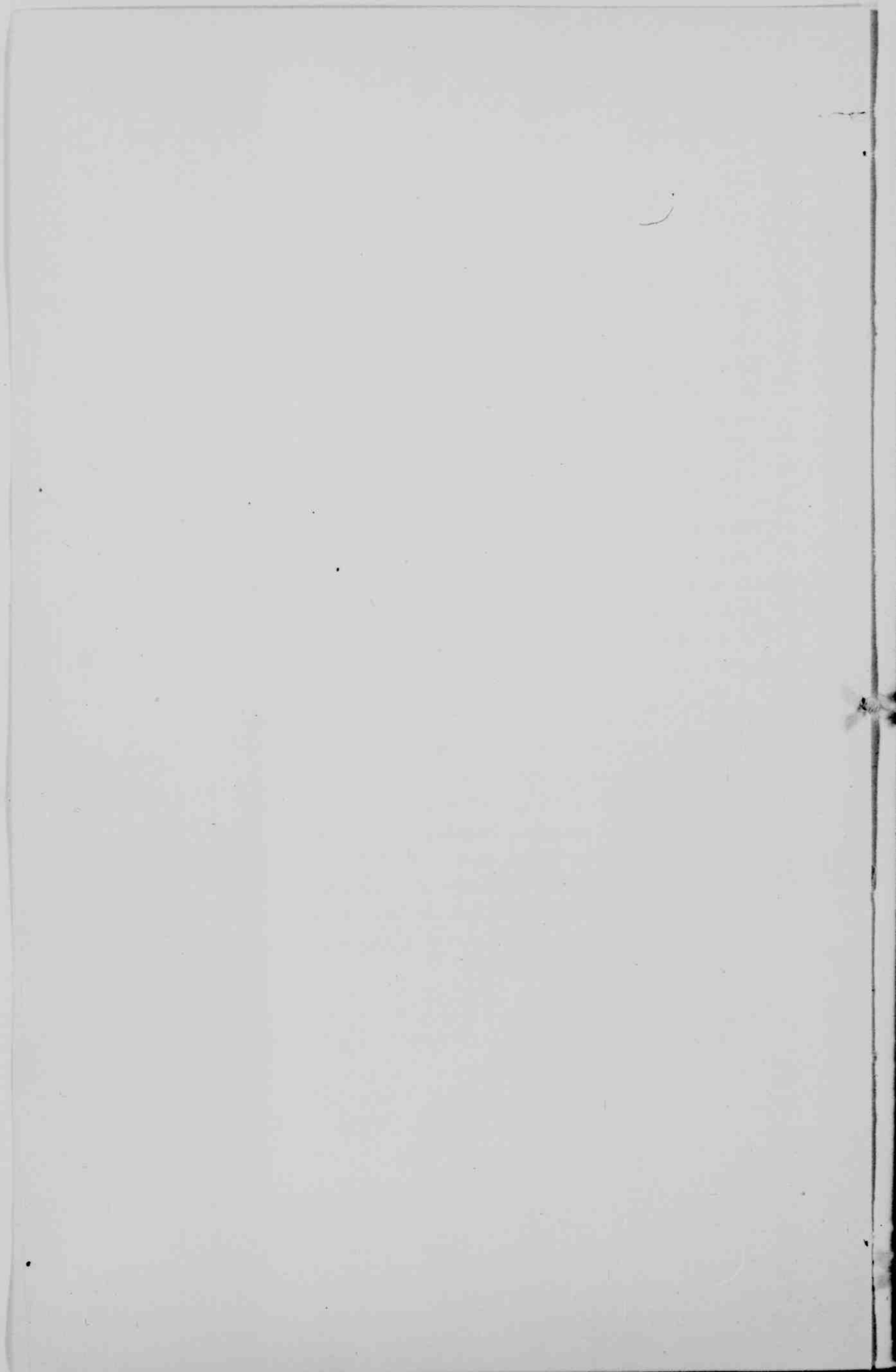
From this I started for the Plaza Lorea, and commenced operating. Mr. Langdon had awakened a distrust of my own experience and judgment, so I watched myself to see if those fellows did cheat me on weight or make false representations. My trade was to purchase in small lots the articles, say hides, horns and horse-hair. I weighed every article which I bought by weight to see if they gave me true weight. They would rely on cheating in weight to get their profit. I soon found that Mr. Langdon was right. My scales would show a deficit, and when I relied on their word or representation I got cheated. I made a resolve

I would not listen to them or believe a word, and ever after followed this resolution. The result of four months' experience was that in this time I cleared up my business with \$1,000 profit. Mr. Johnson wanted his money, and I paid him the \$1,000 capital, and he loaned me \$500, his share of the profits, at one and three-fourths per cent per month. I then started again on my sole account, and continued for two years. In the year 1832 I concluded to close up and come home. I shipped about \$3,000 worth of calfskins to Mr. Charles Green, of New York, and loaded a small vessel with smoked beef, in company with another person, and went as supercargo on the shipment to Havana. The result was about \$3,500 to my credit. I then started for New York, arriving the last of January, 1833. On arrival at New York I learned that Mr. Green had failed, and could pay nothing at the time, but I finally got about \$2,700. This was a severe disappointment to me, as I had calculated to settle my old debts, which were about \$2,500. To do this it would take all the money I had left. I thought this was doubly hard. I made arrangement with my old creditors to wait on me for their claims until I was better able to pay. As I was at this time thirty-six years old, I started for Buenos Ayres again, with my wife and Jane, who was in her fourth year. We arrived there in August, 1833. We commenced again, and continued until March, 1837, when we started for home in the brig Leopard, arriving in Boston in May. I closed up my business, and had left, after paying all my old debts, about \$25,000.

Here the record ends abruptly. It is deeply to be regretted that Mr. Tyler did not finish the story of his life, the later years of which were in striking contrast with his early struggles. From 1837 to 1850 his home was in Brownfield, Me., although he made occasional trips to South America. He occupied himself in making improvements, building mills, and looking after his varied interests. In 1850 he removed to Portland, but went again in 1858 and in 1862 to Buenos Ayres. He was the senior member of the house of Tyler, Rice & Sons, which transacted a large business with South America. In 1866 he retired from the firm and returned to Brownfield, which town he represented in the Legislature of Maine and as Senator from that district.

Mr. Tyler was a member of the Congregational Church in Brownfield and later of the High Street Church in Portland. But wherever Mr. Tyler lived he developed a character recognized by all among whom he moved in his varied activities, as fitly representing the principles of sound citizenship, of patriotism, of considerate benevolence, of wise counsel, and all made attractive by a dignified presence that gave weight to his words and actions. The foundations of integrity, steadfastness of purpose, and moral rectitude had been deep laid in his earlier years.

Dated at New Haven, Conn., this
thirtieth day of May, 1900.



A Memorial Service

HELD AT THE

Congregational Church, Brownfield,
Maine

February 2d, 1879



EXERCISES

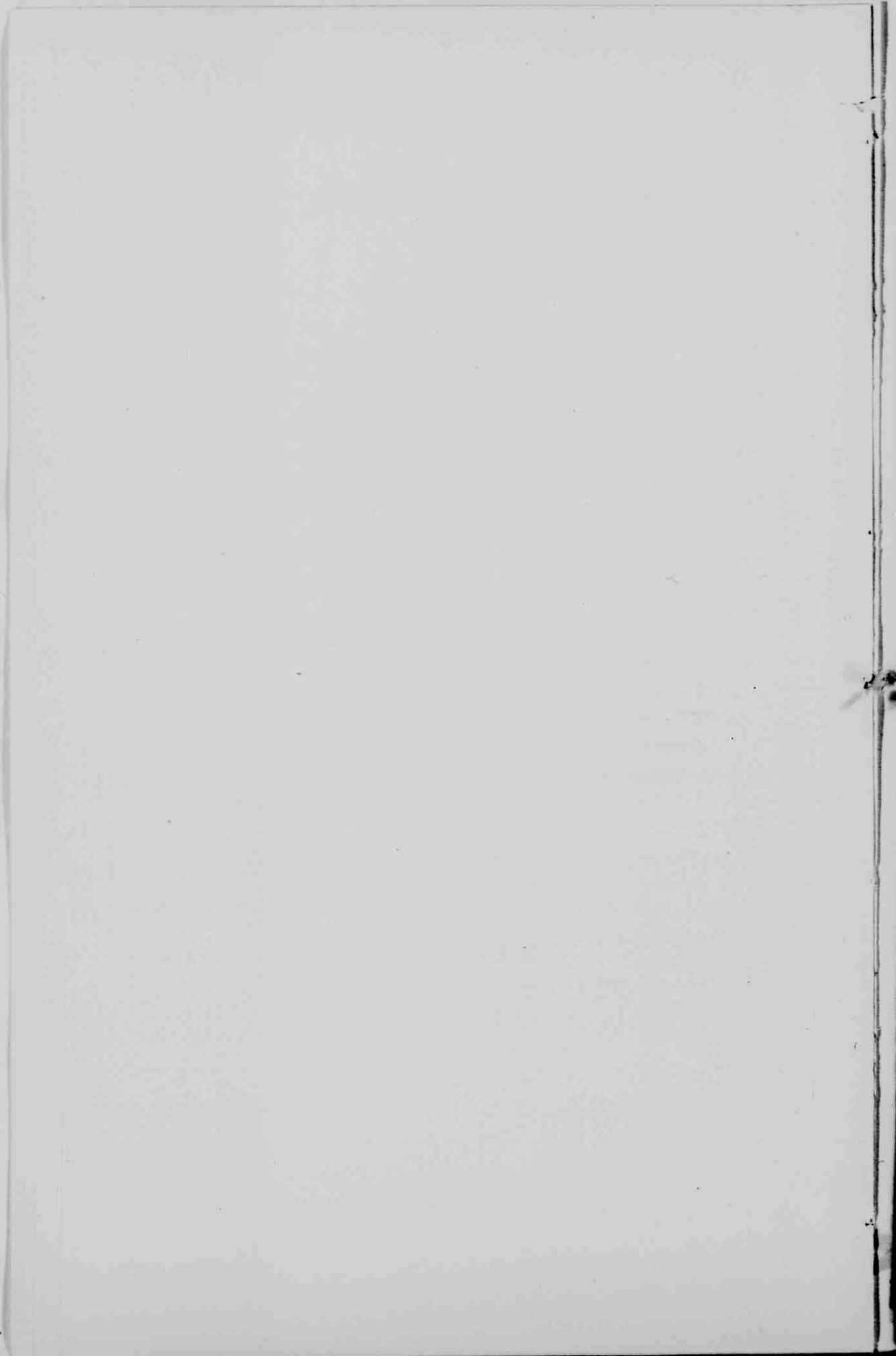
Introductory Remarks,	.	.	.	E. B. BEAN
Prayer,	.	.	.	REV. C. H. SMITH
Address,	.	.	.	REV. E. S. JORDAN
Resolutions,	.	.	.	S. B. BEAN



LEWISTON:

PRINTED AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE

1879



ADDRESS

It is eminently fitting, when a man like Samuel Tyler, whose history and interests for fourscore years were so closely allied with this town, is removed by death, that the citizens should unite in some expression of their sense of his high merit and of their own great loss.

Having met with this object in view, it seems appropriate to pass in review some of the more prominent events of his life and traits of his character. And we wish to bear in mind what, if he could have foreseen our action, would best have accorded with his wishes in regard to it; and especially should we avoid that grave offense to his well-known feeling, of indulging in indiscriminating praise.

In connection with a service commemorative, in part, of the philanthropic relations of Mr. Tyler to this people, there comes readily to our thought the grateful plea of the Jewish elders in behalf of the Centurion who sent them to beseech Christ for the healing of his servant: "That he was worthy for whom He should do this, for he loveth our nation, and he hath built us a synagogue."

Little is known of this Centurion beyond what is here recorded; his love for the people among whom he dwelt, and the proof he gave of his interest in them

in building for them a house of worship. He was not a native of Capernaum; neither was he to whom, with slight change, the words of the Jewish elders are applicable by us, a native of this town, though he was brought here so young that he could remember, as he desired to remember, no other early home.

Samuel Tyler was born in Henniker, N. H., but so entirely did he regard himself a son of Brownfield, that some of his near relatives never heard him allude to Henniker as his native place, and had always supposed, till after his decease, that this was the place of his birth, as well as that where he passed his childhood and youth, and some of his maturer years. His parents removed with him to this town the year the nation was in mourning for the death of its first President. He would have been eighty-two years of age had he lived till the twenty-fifth of the present month.

His opportunities to attend school during his childhood were very limited, the nearest school-house being a long distance from his home. But he early learned to conquer difficulties, and he persevered in acquiring the rudiments of such branches of study as were at that time taught in the common schools.

At the age of sixteen, then a tall and enterprising lad, he enlisted as a private soldier in the last war with England. He was detailed as a personal attendant to Capt. Rufus K. Goodenow, also of this town, with whom he served out his time of one year. The temptations incident to army life, boy though he was, he firmly resisted.

In 1824 he married Miss Elizabeth Spring of this

town, a lady loved and honored during a long life, and among a wide circle of friends and acquaintances, for the sweetness of her disposition, and the clear good sense, the fidelity and conscientious thoroughness which she brought to the performance of her varied and responsible duties.

This town was their home till 1825, when what seemed a favorable opening, induced Mr. Tyler to remove to Saco. After a short period of indifferent success he decided to go to Portland. Here also his hopes were disappointed. Subsequently he tried, I have heard him say, more than a dozen different enterprises, and abandoned them all, having prosecuted them, in turn, till it became evident to him that they were unsuited to his tastes or habits. Providence, "whose footsteps are not known," was leading him better than he knew, and suffered all his plans to fail that the wiser divine plan might take their places.

At the age of thirty-two years he came to a decision which manifested at once the breadth and the heroic temper of his mind. It is a trite saying that apparently slight causes often bring about great results. It was the merest trifle that led Mr. Tyler to take the important step of seeking, in South America, a theatre for the exercise of his talents in acquiring a support for his family, and in building up the modest fortune which, we have reason to believe, was, at that time, the height of his ambition. That undertaking has been compared, it seems to me not inaptly, to that of the discoverer of North America, who was induced to sail on his first voyage of discovery by circumstances

which, to an ordinary mind, would have seemed trivial. He had heard from a relative that a piece of curiously carved wood had been found on the shore, where it had been washed by a westerly gale. An old pilot told him of having once picked up, at sea, a carved paddle, more than a thousand miles west of Portugal. These and other similar facts, together with his geographical knowledge, led him to the conclusion that there must be land to the west, and to the west he sailed.

It was a statement found in an old geography, that the soil of the Argentine Republic was, in general, exceedingly fertile, and that the country abounded in herds and flocks, while the inhabitants were indolent and improvident, that led this pioneer in a great commercial enterprise to believe that a man who was willing to endure hardship and toil, might obtain a competence in that distant land more surely and speedily than in the thronged avenues of business activity in his own. But it was then practically an unknown country, concerning which no one could give him any definite information. He must go, if at all, ill-informed as he was, committing himself to the guidance of circumstances of the most uncertain character. He resolved to make the venture, sustained in the struggle of severing himself from all he held dear—family, friends, and country—we who knew him can well believe, by the steadfast purpose which marked so conspicuously his whole career, to conquer rebellious fortune by nobly deserving her favor.

When a gentleman of some note as a scholar had

been elected to the Presidency of a New England college, and an acquaintance dissuaded him from accepting the position, expressing his apprehension that, constituted as he was, he would not succeed in it, his prompt reply was, "I will succeed." We can, without difficulty, fancy this penniless, solitary stranger, as, fifty years ago for the first time he walked the streets of Buenos Ayres, fortifying his heart in the face of difficulties and discouragements with the stern resolve, "I will succeed."

If the story of what he endured, and what he accomplished, could be faithfully told, it would be but another illustration of the adage that truth is stranger than fiction. On his arrival in that strange city of one hundred thousand inhabitants, he found himself with only half a dollar in money, without a friend or acquaintance, and knowing no word of the language. After some search and delay he fell in with a resident of the city who concluded to give him employment at work performed by peons, the lowest class of laborers, ranking little above slaves. But he was glad to engage in any honest labor that would give him a support. He could not turn back; he must open a way forward. In this employment he continued for a considerable time, having no advantage over his humble fellow-laborers except as his superior intelligence enabled him to substitute for theirs, methods by which he could perform more easily and rapidly the same work.

We have admired his commanding presence, his noble bearing, which would have distinguished him at

any European court. We can picture him to ourselves as he appeared among those ignorant, degraded sons of toil, himself toiling manfully with hand and brain, but with what different thoughts, aspirations, hopes! Born to lead, with a taste that nothing could degrade, he found advantage in circumstances the most unpromising, and gathered tribute of practical wisdom from the dreariest experience. This labor with peons, I have an impression, he made, in the end, an apprenticeship to the business from which, in part, his large fortune was realized.

He remained in the country, on his first visit, between three and four years—long enough to lay the foundation of the very extensive business afterwards carried on by himself and others between Buenos Ayres and the United States. He has been widely known as the pioneer of the South American trade, but few were aware until recently that to him belonged the credit of shipping, nearly half a century ago, the first cargo of wool ever brought from Buenos Ayres to an American port.

This trade, so inaugurated, has been, I need scarcely say, a profitable one to both countries, not to speak of its advantage, as a source of wealth, to Mr. Tyler and to many of his friends and acquaintances. He was engaged in it, going and returning, and transacting his large business, for thirty-three years—a period equal to the lifetime of a generation.

Sixteen years ago he went to South America for the last time, having made in all twelve voyages; Mrs. Tyler accompanying him six times, sharing in his in-

evitable dangers, fatigues, and privations, as she ever did in his varied and abundant charities.

Both these friends, as we have proofs innumerable, continued to cherish, in all their changes and adventures, the warmest interest in their own people. The well-being of the town which was their early home was a matter of constant concern to them. Although no man perceived more clearly or felt more keenly than Mr. Tyler its faults and deficiencies, yet no one had its reputation and prosperity more at heart. No sooner did he decide to give up his business beyond the equator, than he arranged to carry out what appears to have been a long-entertained purpose of setting on foot some scheme by which the town could be built up and beautified. Nor need I do more than call attention to the improvements he directly or indirectly caused to be made. The village and adjacent neighborhoods will never lose the impress of his taste and bounty.

One is reminded of the effect which Peter Bayne ascribes to the arrival of Howard, the philanthropist, at the little village of Cardington, which, he says, "had been the abode of poverty and wretchedness, but after Howard came to reside in it, year by year the village of Cardington showed a brighter face to the morning sun, year by year you might see new and different cottages spring up, little kitchen gardens behind, little flower gardens before, neat palings fronting the road." "The inhabitants sent their children to school, and Cardington became one of the neatest villages of the kingdom. If you asked one of the villagers to what

or whom it owed all this, the answer would have been, John Howard."

If the question were asked of the people of the town, to whom it is most indebted for the improvements made during the past few years, all as one would give the name of your philanthropist, Samuel Tyler.

I have heard him say that it had been his habit from boyhood to select the wisest and best men he knew as models. In his turn he became a worthy model for others. Hard as he worked for his material possessions, he strove even harder for a true manhood. If at any time he had suspected that he was esteemed chiefly on account of his wealth or social position, it would have caused him keen chagrin.

It was much to have in town, so many years, a man conspicuous for honesty and sincerity, whose word was never doubted, who was superior to deception, whose principles were as fixed as his own mountains. Perhaps one of the strongest motives which persuaded him to go to an unknown land, was that he might be able to meet the demands outstanding against him, and pay, as he did, the first moment his means allowed, principal and interest.

We can well understand what those who knew him in South America assure us of, that his word came to be another name for truth, among the natives, who were accustomed to assert of this or that which they reported to be true, "it is so, for Mr. Tyler says it is so."

His integrity

"stood the test of fortune,
Like purest gold, that, tortured in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight."

One could as easily imagine George Washington taking the place of Benedict Arnold, as Samuel Tyler turning traitor to his sense of right.

His fidelity to his convictions appeared in his charities. When Providence crowned his hazardous undertakings with success, he would seem to have regarded himself as elected an almoner of the divine bounty; the property he had been enabled to accumulate, as placed in his hands to be dispensed according to his best judgment. Holding, thus, his wealth in trust, it was a perplexing problem to him, how most judiciously to distribute it; and he surveyed all fields that he might find in what soil the scattered seed should promise the most abundant harvest.

The fountain of benevolence was full, and no lack of appreciation, no ingratitude, could long keep in check its out-flowing tide. Having himself tasted the cup of sorrow, he knew how to sympathize with the afflicted. Having known the burden of poverty, he could be counted among the righteous who "consider the cause of the poor." While he felt all the antagonism of an active, forceful nature toward thriftlessness and improvidence, he could not forbear relieving the want which was their natural result.

The reverence for law, so apparent in him, developed, no doubt, by years of severe discipline, gave him the appearance, at times, of exaggerating the im-

portance of self-help in comparison with special divine aid. And he might not have prayed, like Elijah on Carmel, that God would, without human means, consume the sacrifice; but he would, like the same prophet, have stretched himself on the little son of the widow, that he might second the divine power in warming the child to life.

He accepted the inspired definition of pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father; but, while it was his honest intention to "prove all things" and "hold fast that which is good," mere traditions, precedents, old or new, creeds, ancient or modern, were not, with him, a final authority. He wished to see all who loved mercy, did justly, and walked humbly with God, joining in worship, and uniting, as brethren, in a persevering endeavor to make the world wiser and better.

When he proposed to convey this church, in legal form, to a corporate body, he used this language: "My only desire and intention, in doing this, is, that the house may be occupied, and the privileges which it affords to all be improved. I trust that you, in your wisdom, may manage all matters relating to the house in such a manner that all the people in this vicinity may feel that they have the right and privilege, in common with you, to occupy the house on all proper times and occasions, and that it is, and shall be, free to all who will go there and occupy the same in common with you."

Had he been asked his creed, he might have replied in the language of St. James, "I will show you

my faith by my works." In the words of the venerable Whittier, whose life is as benevolent, and whose sympathies are as broad as were his own, he could say,

"O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine."

We are aware that we shall violate a rule by which himself was governed, if, while we considered his excellences, we lose sight of what he regarded as his grave faults. He inherited a somewhat excitable temperament, which was the source of more annoyance to himself than to any one else. He was accustomed to compare his physical system to an engine, declaring that it required all his skill and attention as an engineer to control and direct it. It was not singular if, sometimes, on life's tempestuous voyage, the fire kindled, the pressure great, he was driven temporarily from the track marked out for himself; if he was betrayed into some act or expression which he disapproved; but the undue ardor was of short continuance, and then he hastened to make reparation. If his quick feelings were the gales which impelled him from the direction he wished to take, his sensitive conscience was the needle which immediately pointed him back to his course.

But he has gone from us. We shall look in vain for the venerable form whose presence seemed to shed a certain worth and dignity upon the community. He will come to us no more; but he has left a monument to himself.

Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's Church, in London, was buried in a vault under the edifice he had built, and on a black marble slab was the inscription, "If you seek my monument, look around you." So have we only to look around us to see Samuel Tyler's monument. This house is his monument.

Better educational facilities, and numberless improvements among us, are his monument.

In the deeper admiration which he inspired in us for self-reliance, for industry, for enterprise, for integrity, for benevolence—for all manly virtues—is found his monument.

And so will the memory of himself, as he was, be his fittest and most enduring monument.

RESOLUTIONS

Whereas, As citizens of the town and vicinity of Brownfield, we have long been familiar with the noble life of the late Hon. SAMUEL TYLER.

Whereas, As a community we have been recipients of his numerous and generous public and private benefactions.

Resolved, That we wish to express on this occasion our warm appreciation of his many virtues as a man, a townsman, a neighbor, and fellow-citizen.

Resolved, That we have known him as a man whom people of all sects, parties, and classes delighted to honor.

Resolved, That we shall long hold in affectionate remembrance his life and labors of love.

"He rests with the immortals, his journey has been long;
For him no wail of sorrow, but pæan full and strong;
So well and bravely has he done the work he found to do—
To justice, freedom, duty, God, and man, forever true."

Resolved, That no less do we appreciate, honor, and cherish the memory of her who was his companion in labors of charity, Mrs. Elizabeth S. Tyler, who preceded her honored husband but a few months to her reward.

J. L. FRINK, *Rec. Sec.*

GENEALOGICAL RECORD

SAMUEL TYLER, born in Henniker, N. H., February 25, 1797, died in Portland, Me., January 17, 1879, was the eldest son of Daniel Tyler, of Marlboro, Mass., and Sally Alexander, of Henniker, N. H. He married, December 2, 1824, Elizabeth Spring, of Brownfield, Me.

CHILDREN.

John Spring Tyler, b. Saco, Me., October 14, 1826, d. Brownfield, January 16, 1830.

Jane Steele Tyler, b. Portland, Me., November 11, 1828, d. Portland, Me., January 31, 1869.

Alexander Tyler, b. Buenos Ayres, S. A., November 22, 1833, d. Brookline, Mass., March 25, 1900.

Caroline Tyler, b. Buenos Ayres, S. A., December 19, 1835.

Sarah Ann Tyler, b. Brownfield, Me., April 22, 1838.

Andrew Tyler, b. Brownfield, Me., July 1, 1840, d. Brownfield, March 22, 1841.

Elizabeth Tyler, b. Brownfield, Me., October 9, 1842, d. New York, November 6, 1864.

Jane Steele Tyler married, in Portland, Me., February, 28, 1849, Augustus E. Stevens, Portland, Me.

GRANDCHILDREN.

Alice Lynch Stevens, b. Portland, Me., February 8, 1850, d. July 24, 1850.

Samuel Augustus Stevens, b. Portland, Me., May 21, 1852.

Almena Starr Stevens, b. Portland, Me., September 25, 1855.

Jane Stevens, b. Portland, Me., September 26, 1857, d. November 24, 1857.

Mary Fletcher Stevens, b. Portland, Me., January 28, 1861.

Elizabeth Tyler Stevens, b. Portland, Me., August 24, 1863.

Paul Revere Stevens, b. Portland, Me., November 13, 1866.

Julia Frances Stevens, b. Portland, Me., January 15, 1868.

Samuel Augustus Stevens married, in Wilmington, Delaware, October 23, 1889, Harriett P. Belt, of Wilmington, Delaware.

GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN.

Janet Stevens, b. Portland, Me., February 3, 1894.

Esther Stevens, b. Portland, Me., April 7, 1898.

Mary Fletcher Stevens married, in Brownfield, Me., August 21, 1895, Charles Matlock, of Philadelphia, Penn.

GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN.

Barbara Matlack, b. Matunuck, R. I., October 5, 1896.
Judith Matlack, b. Matunuck, R. I., September 9, 1898.

Paul Revere Stevens married, in Portland, Me., June 8, 1892, Lena Goldthwaite, of Portland, Me.

GREAT-GRANDCHILD.

Burrowes Goldthwaite Stevens, b. Portland, Me., May 21, 1895.

Alexander Tyler married, in Concord, N. H., September 19, 1867, Julia Hutchins Pierce, of Concord, N. H.

GRANDCHILDREN.

Gertrude Tyler, b. Concord, N. H., June 24, 1868, d. 1868, Minneapolis, Minn.

Samuel Tyler, b. Minneapolis, Minn., March 11, 1871.

Jane Stevens Tyler, b. Minneapolis, Minn., August 3, 1875.

Caroline Tyler married, in Portland, Me., October 21, 1857, Charles Peter Clark, of Boston, Mass.

GRANDCHILDREN.

Charles Peter Clark, Jr., b. Jamaica Plain, Mass., September 12, 1858.

Elizabeth Tyler Clark, b. Florence street, Boston, Mass., July 7, 1861.

Susan Lord Clark, b. Florence street, Boston, Mass., October 20, 1866.

Carita Tyler Clark, b. Pleasant street, Newton Centre, Mass., July 6, 1869.

Sarah Tyler Clark, b. Pleasant street, Newton Centre, Mass., September 22, 1874.

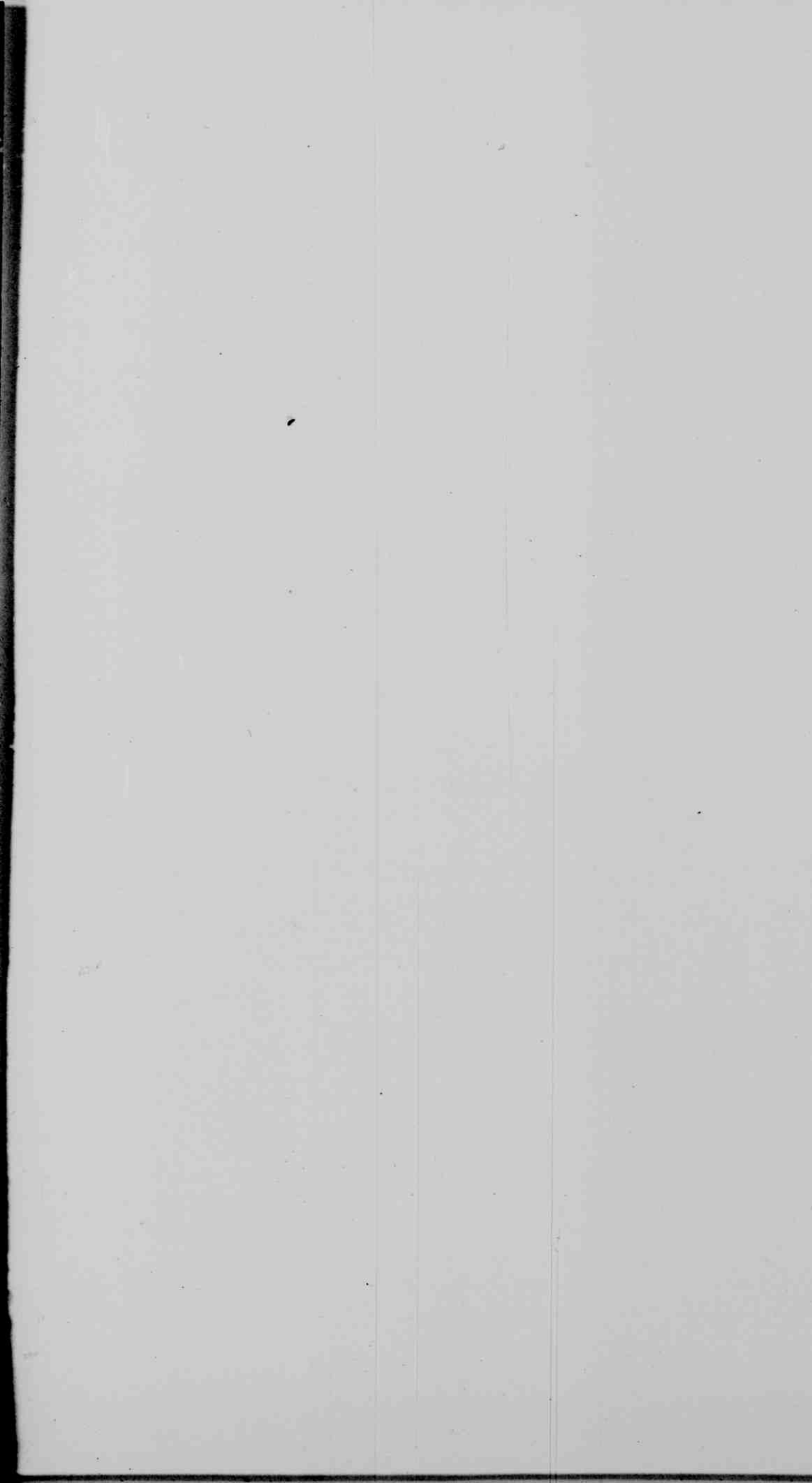
Edward Lord Clark, b. Pleasant street, Newton Centre, Mass., October 11, 1875.

Sarah Ann Tyler married, in Portland, Me., July 12, 1858, Dr. Thomas H. Breslin, of Portland, Me., who died in the Civil War in New Orleans, La., June 17, 1864.

GRANDCHILD.

Florence Breslin, b. Portland, Me., July 25, 1861, d. January 16, 1876.





Maps on this order too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed clockwise beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:

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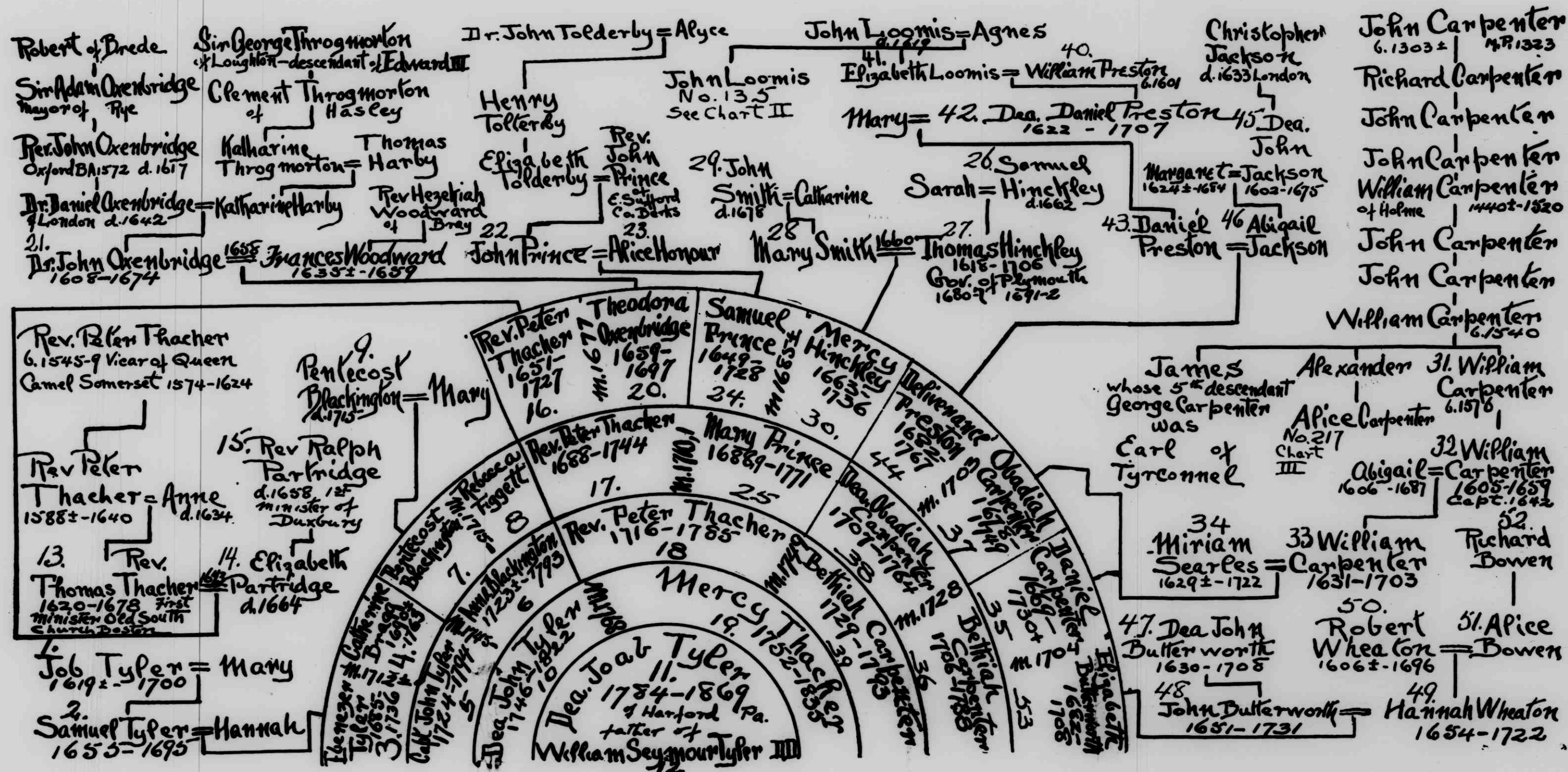
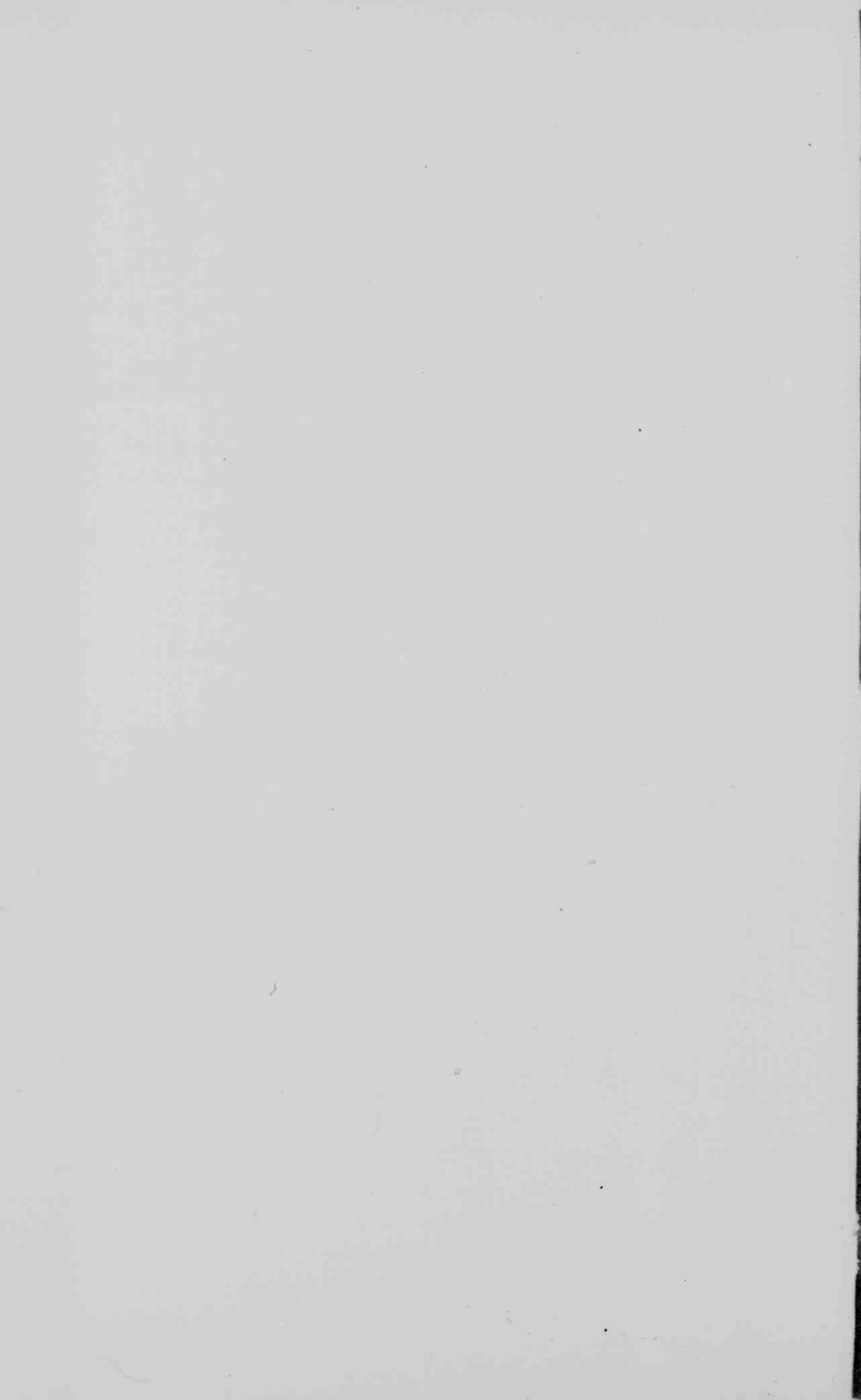


Chart I



Charles Peter Clark, Jr., married, in Newton, January 12, 1881, Helen Lancaster, of Newton, Mass.

GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN.

Lancaster Peter Clark, b. New York, December 22, 1882.

Edward Lord Clark, b. Newton Highlands, Mass., March 29, 1884.

Tyler Clark, b. Newton Highlands, Mass., March 1, 1888.

Priscilla Clark, b. Brookline, Mass., January 20, 1900.

Elizabeth Clark, b. Brookline, Mass., January 20, 1900.

Elizabeth Tyler Clark married, in Kennebunk Port, July 10, 1887, Rev. Edward Y. Hincks, Professor in the Theological Seminary at Andover, Mass.

GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN.

Sarah Hincks, b. Andover, May 26, 1888.

Carroll Clark Hincks, b. Andover, November 30, 1889.

Edward Hincks, b. Andover, June 8, 1892.

Elizabeth Mary Hincks, b. Andover, September 10, 1894.

Carita Tyler Clark married, in New Haven, Conn., November 30, 1899, Charles Hammond Blatchford, of Chicago, Ill.

Sally Tyler Clark married, in New Haven, Conn., June 21, 1898, Edward Grant Buckland, of New Haven, Conn.

GREAT-GRANDCHILD.

Charles Clark Buckland, b. Pawtuxet, R. I., July 30, 1899.

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